The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXI. JUNE, 1922 No. 1

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Send check, post-office order, or stamps to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1

A TREE 1
A WORD ABOUT HOPE 1
FATHER'S OWN COLUMN:—
PAPER MONEY 2
TWO JUNE ANNIVERSARIES 2
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 2
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
WASHING DISHES 5
THE AMUSEMENT CORNER 6
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY 6
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 8

A TREE.

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,—
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

A WORD ABOUT HOPE.

I want to say a word about hope,—"the real riches," so David Hume said,—"as fear is the real poverty." And I can think of no better way of getting at the root of the matter than to begin with the primitive root of the word itself, in the Anglo-Saxon speech. It is something that means to open the eyes wide and watch for what is to come; as we have all noticed children do, when they expect to see some wonder or receive some gift. Indeed, there is another word, closely akin to this, from which we get our hope,—the word "expect," watching for what is to come; the obverse of "inspect,"—looking at what has come. Another closely related word much more frequently used in England than in America, is "gape," descriptive of the way a young bird in the nest will get ready for food, at the slightest intimation that it may be coming.

A child on tiptoe with its eyes wide open, the nestling in its cradle waiting for its sure morsel, . . . that was the way in which our first fathers tried to express their idea of what hope is and what it can do.

Our time abounds in those who have a great faith, but not a great hope. God will make all right, somehow,—so they feel; but tell them He will do far more exceeding abundantly, above all that they can ask *or think*, and that will strike them as something they never adequately realized, yet it is this alone that lifts us out of the world of inspection into the world of expectation.

Young men and women, get this hope! I call back to you from my vantage-ground of years and beseech you to bring —with a great faith a great hope also. Make sure there is not a day you can live (even bending over your work with the sad sense, perhaps, that the life is going out of you in the merest necessity of living), there is not a day but brings you nearer to some divine surprise of blessing, some great unfolding of God's very glory.

Men and women in middle life, I charge you to take for your helmet the hope of salvation. If you try to live faithfully, then, as the Lord liveth, try to live hopefully, or you will miss the better half of your living. For the sake of all that can fill you with the everlasting life, open your heart to the sense of that springtide sure to rise when the sun comes back. —*Robert Collyer.*

Day by day, the promise reads,
"Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day."

FATHER'S OWN COLUMN.

PAPER MONEY.

That popular old family paper called the *Youth's Companion* recently had this to say about what money actually is: Whenever war lays a burden of debt upon a people or whenever a prostration of business brings hard times, those who do not clearly understand the character and function of money argue that a large amount of currency issued by the government at its good pleasure will make it easier to restore activity to business; but the truth is the exact contrary. Money is a convenient medium for exchanging different kinds of wealth, and it is a measure of value; but money is itself "wealth" only to a limited extent, and never unless it is a certificate that represents some exact quantity of real value,—such as an ounce of gold or a pound of silver. A debt can be discharged only by paying out real wealth.

What happens when a country surrenders to the doctrine of cheap paper money, we can see in the plight of Germany and Russia. Neither country makes the slightest progress in discharging the debt it owes by distributing the billions of "marks" or "rubles" that flow from the printing-presses. The cheap money that prevails in Germany depresses the purchasing power of the workingman's wages and redounds to the profit of the speculator. Russia is bankrupt already and Germany is nearly bankrupt.

The country is better off for every particle of real wealth (foodstuffs, machinery, clothing, iron ore, cotton, wool, and so on) that our people produce; but printing a billion dollars in paper money simply unsettles and lowers every other standard of real value. It takes away from the wage-earner in increased prices more than it will ever give him in increased paper wages.

TWO JUNE ANNIVERSARIES.

June 14, 1777, is now generally reckoned as the birthday of our United States flag, because on that date Betsy Ross of Philadelphia finished making the first flag of the design which we all know and love. Before that date a great many different kinds of flags had been used by our people; but since then the use of thirteen stripes to stand for the original thirteen colonies has been followed, while the number of stars has steadily increased, one being added as each new State was admitted to the Union. It is an interesting test of one's observation and memory to draw a flag, giving the field of stars its right proportion to the flag as a whole, and arranging the stars in the correct rows.

June 24, known in a great many countries as Midsummer Day, is the longest—or the next to the longest—day in the whole year, when the sun rises its earliest and sets its latest. Our English, Scotch, and Irish ancestors used in old times to celebrate Midsummer Eve (the night of June 23) with all sorts of merry-making out of doors. It was commonly believed that fairy folk, invisible the rest of the year, could often be seen that night in the woods and fields. In Sweden it is still a common custom of young people in country villages to set up a tall pole on Midsummer Eve and decorate it with green garlands and wreaths of flowers, then to sing and play games until after midnight.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

It is necessary that letters shall be written with ink, not simply with a pencil.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. A. E. Hicks from Munroe to Amherst, Virginia.

Mrs. John Heckard from Van Buren to Ruby, Arkansas.

Mrs. May Morgan from Copeland, Arkansas, to Arpelar, Oklahoma.

OFFERS.

The Brookline (First Parish) Branch offers the following list. Address Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass. The *Atlantic Monthly* for 1920; "Constructive Exercises in English," Frank; "High School Exercises in Grammar," Frank; "Studies in English Composition," Keeler; "First View of English Literature," Moody; "English Literature," Collier; "Handbook of Composition," Woolley; "First Principles of Chemistry," Brownlee; "Elementary Physics," Stewart; "Lessons in Physics," Higgins; "Textbook of Physics," Hall; "Arithmetic," Filter; "Exercise Manual,—Arithmetic," Wentworth; "Essentials of Algebra," Wells; "New School Algebra," Wentworth; "High School Algebra," Slaught; "Lessons in Geometry," Hill; "Plane Analytic Geometry," Bocher; "New Latin Grammar," Allen and Greenough; "Poems of Ovid" in Latin; "French Grammar," Bocher; "L'Avare" (in French), Molière; "Life of Samuel Johnson," Macaulay; "Money and Legal Tender," Lindermann; four volumes in German, as follows: "Der Schwiegersohn," Baumbock; "Im Zwielicht," Bernhardt; "Das Amulett," Meyer; "Der Trompeter von Sekkingen," Scheffel.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Eva Collins, Blakely, Georgia, writes: I wish to express my gratitude to those who in the past have sent me magazines, books, cards, and pieces for patchwork. I enjoy *The Cheerful Letter* so much, and wish to thank the kind friend who sends it. I would be so pleased if some one could send me any of Gene Stratton-Porter's books. I want to speak in behalf of my little niece, eleven years old. When she was two she had infantile paralysis, resulting in lameness, so she has to use crutches. Her father died when she was three or four years old. She is fond of reading and of music, and anything sent to her would be greatly appreciated. Her address is Charlie Myrtice Strong, Ashford, Alabama, Box 63.

2. I saw in *The Cheerful Letter* where I might get good reading matter, books, magazines, and papers. I am twenty years old; I have a husband aged twenty-six, and two little girls, four and two years of age. They would enjoy primers, picture-books, and cards. My mother-in-law is with me, and she is fond of good books too. Mrs. W. E. Barker, Lansing, North Carolina.

3. Ollie Bowers, seventeen years old, at Polkton, North Carolina, asks for books or magazines.

4. Mary Turner, Stuart, Virginia, Route 5, a thirteen-year-old girl, who has been sick a great deal and is in the sixth grade at school, asks for reading.

5. Mrs. Mann Trevey, Naola, Virginia, asks for a dictionary for her girls.

6. Miss Pattie L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, Box 10, will be glad of any reading matter. She specially asks for *McCall's*.

7. Mrs. Ora Clark, Haughts, Virginia, will be thankful for magazines.

8. Mrs. Harry C. Nelson, Critz, Virginia, is confined to bed and is anxious for some good reading to help pass the weary hours.

9. Mrs. Ella Simmons and Mrs. M. J. Simmons of Malakoff, Texas, Route 3, will be glad of reading.

10. Mrs. Alice Preslar, Ansonville, North Carolina, would like to have "Love Will Find the Way," and "Stella Rosevelt."

11. Mrs. Maud L. Ropes, Elamsville, Virginia, is anxious to get a family Bible, "The Duke's Secret," and "Sunshine and Roses."

12. Miss Ornie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213, is just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. She would be grateful for reading.

13. Miss Hattie Bishop, Smethport, Ashe County, North Carolina, is thankful for past favors and asks for their continuance. She would be glad of postcards.

14. Miss Mabel Wicker, a school-teacher at Williamsburg, Virginia, would appreciate books, poetry, and magazines.

15. Mrs. L. L. Lyon, Whittakers, North

Carolina, Route 4, Box 25, asks for *American Motherhood.*

16. Mr. Jake Vermaas, Holland, Nebraska, writes: I am all alone on a little ranch. Would like some reading matter and some letters. Will answer all letters and be very grateful for the reading matter.

17. It has been some time since I have heard from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. I would appreciate some good magazines and books, and, if not asking too much, bits of embroidery thread would be appreciated. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, Route 1.

18. I wish to thank the sisters of *The Cheerful Letter* for the good reading and the nice pictures and pieces sent to my children. They enjoy looking at them and hearing me read about different things. May the Lord bless them! Mrs. Caroline Wall, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 47.

19. I am an orphan girl sixteen years of age. I have taken the ninth grade in high school, but at present I am keeping house for my brother on a farm. I am a reader of *The Cheerful Letter* and would like to have books or magazines to read while at home by myself. I would especially like to have "Pollyanna" and its sequel, and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Rosa Hardin, Rutherwood, North Carolina.

20. This is my first year in the teaching profession. Besides being interested in anything pertaining to primary work, I am interested in novels and in poetry of a good standard, and any classics that could be used in the high school. Miss Clara Willis, Chase City, Virginia, Box 231.

21. I have eight brothers and sisters. I am fifteen and the oldest child. We are poor people, living on a small, rented farm and I don't go to school but very little, as Mama isn't strong and can't do all the work at home. Any help would be highly appreciated. Vernie Harmon, Woolwine, Virginia.

22. Please allow me through *The Cheerful Letter* to thank the many friends who have so kindly sent me reading matter during the past winter. It has been a great comfort to me as well as to others. I shall be grateful for anything sent this coming summer. W. G. Jones, Lansing, North Carolina.

23. I am the mother of six children, aged from six to seventeen, three boys and three girls. We live in the country; have no town nor railroad near us. I would be glad of a good book for the children and some Sabbath reading for myself; also some picture-books for the two little boys, six and seven years old. I will gladly pass along reading matter to others. Mrs. Lou M. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

24. Several of the *Cheerful Letter* papers have been handed to me, which I have enjoyed very much. For the past two years I have been in poor health, the effect of influenza, but have kept trying to work. I live on a farm, and my father and mother are old and disabled. I tried to do all I could to help them until in October I had a complete breakdown, and have not been able to work since. I have been to a hospital for treatment, staying there twenty-five days. I would appreciate it very much if I could receive a word of cheer or a magazine, or anything that would be helpful to a girl unable to work. I will be so glad to be well and able to work for myself. Miss Vida L. Kirk, Albemarle, North Carolina, Route 1.

25. Rev. James A. Thoms, Brookfield, New York, Box 596, asks for "Preparatory and College Course in English," "French Course in English," "Outlines of Political Economy," and "Recreations in Astronomy."

26. Miss Daisy McAlexander, Elamsville, Virginia, would be glad to have the *Ladies' Home Journal* or any good magazine.

27. Misses Dorothy and Nannie Ellington, Farmville, Virginia, will be glad of books, post-cards, or scraps for patchwork.

28. Rev. F. W. Keene, 501 Cleveland Street, Raleigh, North Carolina, would be much pleased to receive the *Geographic* or *Harper's Magazine.*

29. Mrs. Hattie Teeples, Bridger, Montana, one of our very early members, living now where there are but four women in the neighborhood and nine pupils in the school, is anxious to receive books, which she will share with the others. She asks particularly for some of the fol-

lowing: Any of Zane Grey's stories or the "Heart of Oak" books, "The Sketch Book," a cook-book, any books for boys, "First Steps in Electricity," "The Wonder Book," the "Outdoor Girl" series, "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams," "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field."

30. Clifford E. Davis, Cumberland, Maryland, writes that for the present he needs no more reading.

31. Mrs. May Morgan, formerly at Copeland, Arkansas, now at Arpelar, Oklahoma, among strangers, would greatly like to receive good reading. She asks especially for the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, or *American Boy*.

Quilt scraps are much desired by all the following:—

Mrs. Callie R. Bryant, Elamsville, Virginia.

Mrs. Rinda Bryant, Dodson, Virginia.

Mrs. Cora Clark, Sanville, Virginia.

Mrs. Emma Carrigan, Athens, Texas, Route 1.

Mrs. M. M. Churchill, Talor, Hood County, Texas, Route 2, Box 52.

Mrs. Tempie Craig, Stella, Virginia.

Mrs. Carrie Francis, Warrensville, North Carolina.

Mrs. Martha L. Hall, Dodson, Virginia.

Mrs. Floyd Harrison, Evansville, Tennessee, Route 2.

Mrs. Hallie Mabe, Critz, Virginia, Route 1.

Miss Lena Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia.

Mrs. Kate Pendleton, Stella, Virginia.

Mrs. Claude Thomas, Peachland, North Carolina, Route 1.

Miss Ornie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WASHING DISHES.

There is more than one good way to do any piece of housework, but some ways are better than others. The washing of dishes after a meal may be a process of horrid untidiness and destructiveness, or it may be a neat, quick, pleasant process, with small chance of accident. Little girls just beginning to help mother do not always understand that there is a special reason for scraping the plates, a special reason for washing the glass tumblers before the meat-platter. But when they do understand that the purpose of seemingly "fussy" rules is to get everything perfectly clean, to avoid breakage, and to make a limited amount of hot water do the most and best possible service, they are readier to follow a systematic plan.

Have your dish-water heating while the meal is being eaten. Be sure to have plenty of clean, dry towels and clean scrubbing-cloths, ready for each time of using. Scrape all the dishes as clean as you can, into a sink strainer (or some other special dish kept for the purpose of receiving little scraps from the table); sort the table dishes, putting in one pile the plates of the same size, in another pile the smaller plates or saucers, and so on. Before beginning to wash, look over the dishes used for cooking, and, if any food remains stuck to them, pour in some water to soak the remnants loose while you work on other things. Have a large clean pan or basin ready, pour in *hot* water and make it slightly sudsy with soap; have also a second pan beside it, with clear, hot water, not soapy. An old, *clean* towel, spread over part of the table close by, makes as good a drainer as the wire baskets that are so often recommended.

Take the glass tumblers first, putting them into the water one at a time (to lessen the danger of breakage); wash thoroughly with a cloth or long-handled mop; rinse in the clear water. Set, upside down, on the drainer, ready for wiping. Polish well with a soft and perfectly clean towel. After the glass, take spoons and other silver, washing thoroughly in hot, soapy water, rinsing in clear, hot water, and draining a few moments, then polishing with a towel. After these, take cups and other small things that have handles or other delicate, breakable parts. *Never* pile cups, pitchers, and heavy plates in the dishpan at one time,—that is the surest way to break things.

Finish the table dishes before washing dishes used for mixing and baking and frying. If these last have been properly put to soak, they will not be difficult to handle. There are many good scouring powders and soaps that help here. Tin, aluminum, and iron things should never be wiped on the same towel that is used for glass and china; even with the best of care, kettles and frying-pans would

stain the towels. Wipe them as dry as possible with the dishcloth well wrung out; then let them finish their drying by standing for a while on the back of the stove where it is not too hot.

The teapot or coffee-pot should be thoroughly washed after each meal; no one thing makes so much difference in the wholesome and pleasant taste of a freshly made drink. The old grounds should all be rinsed out and thrown away; the inside of the pot should be thoroughly scrubbed each time, not with soapsuds (which might leave a bad taste) but with clean, hot water; and the pot should be *absolutely dry inside* as well as outside before being put away.

THE AMUSEMENT CORNER.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

1.

FORTY FLOWERS FROM GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

The Miller of Canterbury.

A long time ago an old man,—a dusty miller on his native heath,—who always rose at four o'clock to see the morning glory of the sunrise, and watch the flocks of ragged robins catch the early worm, would not go where, at evening, prim rows of painted ladies strolled by the bay. He did not rue lost youth; still it was an everlasting balm to him that honesty and innocence showed in the iris of his eye, bright as ever, with not a crowfoot round it. No wallflower he: rather a coxcomb, in his pink stock, lavender tie, shoes as thin as ladies' slippers, fox gloves; with a monk's hood to his cloak, that like Grimes', the other old bachelor's, "buttoned down before." But faces of the Canterbury belles under the weeds of mourning brides or maidens' tresses, tempted him not to matrimony. None so pretty as to give him a bleeding heart! From love's fever few escaped as did this sage, who expected to live forever, but who suddenly died from having a bone set.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

2.

ANAGRAMS.

(Girls' Names.)

1. Blame.	5. Nead.
2. I, Roman?	6. Army.
3. Ah, Bert.	7. I lace.
4. Road.	8. Sore.

—*Selected.*

Answers to puzzles in the May number.

1. WENDELL HOLMES'S RIDDLE: The word is "Adam." Read the first two lines as A.D.—A.M.; the third line, Adam; the fourth, a dam; the fifth, Adam again; the sixth, a damson; and lines seven and eight, a dam.

2. HALF SQUARE: T A S T E
A L T O
S T Y
T O
E

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(This old story makes a delightful play for acting by boys and girls who can make up their own speeches as they go along. It is fun to have everybody go to sleep at the same moment, doing all sorts of different things, and then wake up at the same signal.—*Editor.*)

There once lived a king and queen, to whom a baby daughter came. They were delighted; for until then there had been no children at all in their splendid palace. When it was time for the little princess to be christened, the king planned a great celebration. He sent special messages to the fairies in his kingdom, inviting them to a feast in his daughter's honor, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the court ordered beautiful new clothes for the occasion. After the christening the guests went in procession to the royal palace.

The fairies had come prepared to give the royal child wonderful presents, such as only fairies could offer. The first fairy said: "I will give her beauty. Princess Rose shall be the loveliest maiden this kingdom ever saw." The next fairy gave her a happy disposition. The third gave the sweetest of voices, so that she might sing like a lark. All sorts of fine christening gifts like these were offered to the

baby, until it seemed as if nothing could be lacking for her happy life. That was when eleven of the fairies had spoken.

All at once, a loud and angry voice was heard at the door. "Let me in," ordered the voice. "I would have you know that I am coming to the party, whether I am invited or not!" And in rushed a certain very disagreeable old fairy whom the king and queen had somehow forgotten, while planning the affair. Wasn't she angry!

"I see your baby girl is receiving christening gifts," said the bad fairy, tossing her head spitefully. "Very well,—here is my gift,—the princess shall hurt her finger on a spinning-wheel when she is sixteen, and die of the wound!" "Oh, no, no," cried all the guests, "that must not be!" "It shall be as I say," snapped the bad fairy. "Bad luck to you all. Sorry I can't stay longer and help you enjoy the party." And she disappeared up the chimney. She was, in fact, only half fairy, and the other half witch.

Things looked sad for the royal baby. But, fortunately, only eleven of the good fairies had yet offered gifts. One had not yet used the good fortune that she had brought in her pocket. She hurried forward. "Do not weep and lament," she begged the company. "I can make the matter all right, or almost all right. The little princess shall not die. She shall only fall asleep and sleep a hundred years."

The king immediately sent out a royal command that every spinning-wheel in the country should be split into pieces and burned. Then he felt quite safe about his daughter. Before long the prophecy of the wicked fairy was forgotten, for everything that happened was as pleasant as could possibly be wished. Princess Rose grew into the most charming girl in the world, with so many graces and accomplishments that everybody loved her. The day she was sixteen she had a birthday party at the palace, and the young people played hide-and-seek. The princess, trying to find a new place to hide, ran up the back stairs into a part of the palace where she had never been before. The stairs led up into a round tower, and in the very topmost room of the tower she saw a little old woman turning the wooden wheel of a strange machine.

"Oh, please let me try to do that, won't you?" asked the princess. "If your Royal Highness desires," said the little old woman making a deep curtesy. (It was really the bad fairy in disguise.) So the princess tried to turn the wheel and draw off the yarn; but a pin wickedly hidden somewhere pricked her finger. And instantly she grew so faint she thought she was dying. She fell back on a low couch and closed her eyes. But she had not died. She had only fallen sound asleep.

At the same instant most extraordinary things were happening all over the palace. Everybody went to sleep. Everything went to sleep. The king was reading in his library; he went to sleep in his chair, still holding the book, with a leaf half turned. The queen was at work on a piece of embroidery; she went to sleep with her needle pushed half through the linen. One of the court gentlemen had just mounted his horse at the palace door, to ride away; he slept, sitting bolt upright in the saddle. As for the horse, it was stamping one foot and whisking its tail to drive away a bothersome fly; there the horse stood, motionless, on three legs, with the fourth leg and the beautiful long tail in the air. . . . And similar things happened, as quick as a wink, all over the palace grounds. A hedge of wild roses that bordered the outer wall of the palace park grew and grew, until they formed a high, close wall of briary green, shutting away the silent palace from all the rest of the world. . . . And so everything slept, year after year, and year after year, till a full hundred summers had come and gone.

One fine day in the hundredth summer a handsome young prince from another kingdom came riding through the land in search of adventure. He saw the tall, thick hedge of briar-roses standing beside the way. He asked what was beyond the hedge, but nobody was certain. The people who lived about there had heard their great-grandfathers tell the story of some strange witchcraft connected with it; but they had always been afraid to meddle with the briars or to do any exploring beyond them. The prince was the sort of young man who has no fear. He took his sharp sword and cut a way through the briars. He found the enchanted palace. The court gentleman still sat upright on the horse by the palace steps, and never opened his eyes as the young prince went past. The queen, in her armchair, still sat with closed eyes, her fingers holding the needle with its gay embroidery

silk. All sorts of people he found in all manner of strange positions,—strange for people soundly sleeping!

Finally, as he searched for some wide-awake person who could explain the mystery, the prince reached the room where the lovely princess lay sleeping upon the couch. She had not grown a day older in all the hundred long years, but was still a beautiful girl of sixteen. "She is the sweetest maiden I ever saw," thought the prince. "If she will marry me, I shall be the happiest man in this world." And he kissed her.

At just that precise instant the hundred years of sleep came to an end! The princess awoke, and went on with whatever he had been doing at the moment when the charm began! And the king and queen were so pleased with the gallant young prince that they gave their consent to their daughter's wedding.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters, and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and four such libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.